

The CRESSET

MOUNTAIN GROVE, MISSOURI.
R. F. D. No. 3, Caudle Grove.

LOCAL LORE.

—One of Mr. Davis's children is sick. Said to be Pneumonia.

—Much sickness in the neighborhood at present.

—Mrs. L. D. Caudle has returned home from off her visit home.

—There is three of the family of Wess Jones sick at present with Pneumonia Fever.

—There is three of the widow Caudle's children very sick. Dr. Vannoy and Dr. Ryan are attending on them. Pneumonia.

—Mr. Charlie Mosser is laying very sick at present. Dr. Orander and Dr. Vannoy is waiting on him. Said to be Malaria Fever.

—Meeting at the Caudle Grove in the Colony Tabernacle, every Thursday night, Saturday night and Sunday at 11 and at 2 o'clock. Come all who love to hear the Truth.

—We wish to thank sister How of Muncie Ind. for the fine Christmas Greeting card. We received at her hand. We must say it was one of the finest our eyes ever saw. We must say again thank you sister.

—Mr. Lany Merritt and wife arrived home on last Saturday evening from Trask Howell Co. where they visited relatives of Mrs. Merritt; the Bro. of Mrs. Merritt accompanied them home. Mr. Charles Ledbetter a young man.

—We have a farm in our list for sale, of 100 acres laying in Texas County in Township 27 Range 11. As cheap as dirt itself. If any one desire a good home call at the CRESSET OFFICE or write us at Mt. Grove Mo. R. F. Caudle Grove for particulars.

The Beast that was, is Not, and yet is.

Dear readers of the CRESSET you know that we have had the above question standing in the CRESSET in connection with others, for over a year; with a request, that preachers should answer them. And why we wished them to answer, we wanted to learn the truth, that is, if we did not know it. But up to the present time there has been no preacher, undertaken to answer any of them. And after we waited this long without an answer, we wish our readers to ask the preachers to read this scripture.

"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." Peter 3:15.

The question above stands in condemnation to those preachers who have read the CRESSET in the last year. And the scripture read above proves this fact. For the scripture pointedly says that whoever has a hope in Christ, that they must be ready to give a reasonable answer, to any question asked them.

And we asked the question above in order to know the truth. And after waiting one year or more, we have been treated like Lazarus was at the rich man's gate. And now for the benefit of our readers we shall endeavor to answer the question, in a satisfactory manner. The first of this subject that we shall take up is:

"The beast that was." He was spoken of in this manner. "Daniel spake and said, I saw in my vision by night, and behold, the four winds of the heaven strove upon the heaven strove upon the great sea. And four great beasts came up from the sea, diverse one from another. (Dan. 7:2-3)

Here is four beasts spoken of. And we learn that those four beasts were four Kings please read.

These great beasts, which are four, are four kings, which shall arise out of the earth. (Dan. 7:17)

Here we learn that God has called, Kings (who are men) beasts and it is this fourth beast, or King, that we shall call the attention of our readers please read.

"After this shall he turn his face unto the isles, and shall take many; but a prince for his own behalf shall cause the reproach offered by him to cease without his own reproach he shall cause it to turn upon him. Then he shall turn his face toward the fort of his own land but he shall stumble and fall, and not be found. (Dan. 11:18-19)

Here you have, "The beast that was, and is not." For you can see that he came to nought.

The Great Question arises then how, could he yet be?

Well the Word of God must talk we must ask again in order to get the truth, who did this beast or King belong to the Gentiles or the Jews? We answer that he belonged to the Gentile race, we must ask again, that if he belonged to the Gentile race in what manner did he come to nought, if we still have the Gentiles with us? This we again say must be answered by the word. Hence, we must ask, who took the place of this beast or King after he come to nought, And in order that we may clear

ly understand, we shall ask you to read.

"Then shall stand up in his estate a raiser of taxes in the glory of the kingdom, but, within few days he shall be destroyed, neither in anger, nor in battle. (Dan. 11-20)

We have before you a Tax raiser in the place of the fourth beastly King who stumbled and fell and could not be found. This Tax raiser was also a Gentile who took the place of "the beastly king that was, and is not." And who is speaking of in this manner, as the tax-raiser.

"And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David.)

To be taxed, with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. (Luke, 2-1 to 7.)

Dear reader right in this man is where the great change is made, here in his administration is where the prince raises up in behalf of his own people and causes the reproach offered by the beast to cease. This prince was Christ who come in the time of the Taxraiser, who was in the place of the beastly King, as a dove stated and in this man is where the great change was made which ended the beastly part of the Tax Raiser, and was made a new creature this made the Gentile man that was, is not and yet the Gentile world exists a new creature. This makes "The beast that was, is not and yet is" and made the completion in this beastly Character, please read.

"And in his estate shall stand up a vile person, whom they shall not give the honour of the kingdom; but he shall come in peaceably, and obtain the kingdom by flatteries. (Dan. 11-21)

This Vile Person is placed before us in this manner. "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns and upon his heads the name of blasphemy. Rev 13-1

We now believe the reader will see "the beast that was is not and yet is." The Gentile world created anew in Christ.

Please read.

"For we are his workmanship; created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.

Wherefore remember that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called Uncircumcision by that which is called the Circumcision in the flesh made by hands;

That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the

covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.

But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ.

For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us. Eph, 2:10-11-12-13-14

Home Circle Column.

A WORD FOR FATHER.

The editor of the Indianapolis News thus rushes to the defense of the downtrodden father:

When a man succeeds in living a good or useful life that fact is usually attributed to the influence of a mother. When men talk of days past no word brings forth more treasured memories than "mother." When a lawyer wishes to arouse a jury's compassion for a client he invariably speaks of the effects of conviction on the mother. Poets, dramatists, and fiction writers of all ages have united in honoring her name. Days have been set aside in her honor, pensions are given her, flowers named for her, societies founded for her.

All this is well. The world would be a sorry world indeed if it were not so. But is there not danger of father being overlooked in the shuffle? The average father succeeds pretty well in discharging his duty to society.

He labors along persistently and quietly for six days a week that his family may be provided for, he stands between his family and the world, shouldering the responsibility of the rent, the taxes, the grocery and the coal bills; he admonishes the boy and advises the mother, seeking always to make their burden lighter; he works unceasingly without complaint, fighting, scheming, suffering to the end that his family may be assured comfort and independence. In this he sometimes fails, but he keeps on trying, cheerfully, stolidly, stubbornly, plugging along to the end.

The sacrifices that must be made he makes willingly. The boy must go to college and the girl must have music lessons; somethings must be cut, and usually it is some luxury of father's that perishes by the wayside. He is not so poetical a figure as mother, not so demonstrative in his affections, so elated in pleasure, so depressed in grief. And yet many will remember a kind word here, or a thoughtful act there, that stands out, clear and distance, as one of youth's happiest impressions. Not often is he appreciated by the growing boy.

Often he stands in the family as the official admonisher to whom the boy's faults the unpleasant task of applying the rod; his is the arm that must enforce respect for mother and regard for the rights of others.

In this light the growing boy is likely to view him with a mixture of fear, awe and respect.

Not until years bring a proper perspective is he rightly understood and appreciated—and perhaps not even then.

It is one of the penalties of a busy life such as I lead that I often cannot find the time to lift in the inglenook or stop in the fence corner and chat with "a friend or

two." There is so much work to be done, the day is so short, and so we go along denying ourselves the pleasure which we crave—the grip of the clasping hand, the cheery word of friendship that will lighten the burdens of the day and rob the nighttime of its darkness.

My friend we do wrong when we do not stop, every little while to get the full value out of our friendships. The season of the year is approaching when the most arduous insistent duties of the farm are over for awhile.

How better can we improve our leisure moments than by reading the best things we can get hold of and by renewing old friendships and making new ones which shall last until the last clod has been thrown upon our final resting place? Life offers us no greater blessing outside the circle of our own family than "a friend or two." They mean more to us of the farm than to any other men; let us grapple our friends to us with chains of steel so that whatever comes neither life nor death can tear them from us. After all no matter how heavy the burden how dark the sky, how filled with foreboding the air, how affrighting the shadows;

All your troubles may find release With a friend or two:

WHEN MOTHER CALLS.

When mother calls—you must come in.

And how that call through all the din

Amid the childhood memories high,

Is ringing still within your ears!

You thought it very awful then

To leave the game and leave the fun

And just because your mother called

To have to say goodbye and run.

When mother calls—you wish that now

Her voice could call you as it did

Way back in that old dream somehow.

Amid the childhood memories hid.

You chafed because you thought it soon,

To have to come, 'twas early yet

And so you left the game in tune

To some reluctant spell of fret.

When mother calls—so different seems

The memory of it now to you.

How beautiful she was in dreams

That decked her there in sun and dew!

But you were hateful, and at times

You closed your ears and winked your eye,

And made belief you did not hear,

And made her stand and call and cry.

You wouldn't keep her waiting there

As once you did. You'd hear her now

And leap to fly along the air.

And lean to kiss her dear old brow.

When mother calls—ab, lads of life,

Don't keep her waiting there to call!

Put down the tumult and the strife,

And go before the shadows fall!

When mother calls—come quick, come sweet,

With smiling lips and dancing feet,

With all the childhood spirit true

To all the love she bears for you.

For some time, mid far on events,

You'll be glad you heard her cry

And had the love and had the sense

To put your play and playmates by.

—The Beantown Bard.

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